

//

A N
E P I S T L E
F R O M
H A M P S T E A D,
T O
Mr. T H O R N H I L L
I N
C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

By *Mr.* S E W E L L.

Ut P I C T U R A P O E S I S — Hor.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Pemberton* at the *Buck*, against *St. Dunstan's Church*
in *Fleet-Street*; and *J. Watts*, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-*
Court near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. 1719.

AN



EPITOME

FROM

THE

TO

MR. THORNTON

IN

CONVENT-GARDEN

By Mr. SEWELL

UP PICTURA Pictura

OF A DIO. N.

Printed for J. Pemberton at the Back, against St. Dunstons Church
in Fleet-Street; and J. Wain at the Printing-Office in Wild-
Court near Lincolns-Inn-Fields. 1737.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



*I*t is necessary the Reader should know the Occasion of the following Copy of Verses: and tho' they are but a Trifle, yet Trifles themselves are more, or less agreeable, as they are more, or less understood.

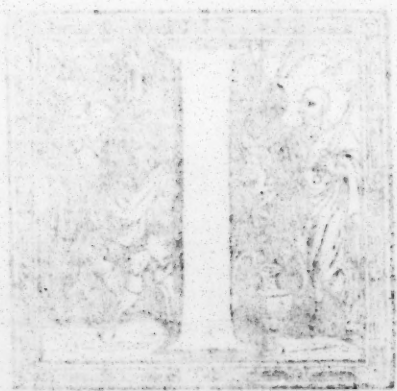
A select Company of Friends were talking over a free Glass, with the Gentleman to whom the Letter is address'd, of some Plans of Painting, which he was supposed to have design'd. The Author of the Poem was the only Person who was not let into the Secret, and could not tell whether the Schemes were real, or imaginary; which gave him an Opportunity of asking the Question in the manner he has done. Indeed it is to be hoped, for the World's Sake, and the Honour of our Country, that his excellent Genius is forming something not unlike what is hinted at in these Lines, something that may (if possible) exceed that Master-Piece of the same Hand at Greenwich.

*The Stile of the Poem is partly Epistolary, and partly Narrative. As to the Fiction, or Fable, if it wants those Ornaments which are to be seen in Mr. POPE's *Lodona*, and*
Dr.

P R E F A C E.

Dr. GARTH's Claremont, the Reader may know it was design'd to want them. They are perfect in their Kinds, and full of the Ovidian Turn; and as the Copy of a Copy by a good Hand is but a weak Beauty, so an Imitation of an Imitation makes but an indifferent Piece in Poetry.

The Public may take it, as it is the Produce of a Morning's Amusement, design'd to please a few Friends, and offend no Body. However I don't question but a Critical Remarker will find Blasphemy in it, a Fop Obscenity, and a Bigot Atheism, that being the Fate of the most innocent Writings in these Days of Censure, Envy, and Ignorance.



AN



A N
E P I S T L E from *Hampstead*,
T O
Mr. THORNHILL in *Covent-Garden*.

April 12, 1719.



HORNHILL, what *Miracles* are to be
wrought,
The lively Products of thy boundless
Thought?

What Heroes rise majestic from Death,
And in thy Canvas draw a second Breath,
Destin'd the Wonder of our Sons to raise,
And pay Thee with an After-Life of Praise?

Are yet the crude Materials but design'd,
Like the rough Model of a Poet's Mind,
Where *Fancy* plays at large, all loosely deckt,
A lovely Wanton, proudly Incorrect?

B

Or

Or are the speaking Lines more finely drawn,
 Like the fresh Streaks that usher in the Dawn,
 Which, various broke, in gay Disorder run,
 Effays of Day, and Promise of the Sun?

If yet begun, Proceed,—and charm our Eyes;
 Say to the *Painter's* new Creation——*Rise*.
 Knock at the Tomb, bid Death give back her Prey,
 Restore the vanish'd Shades to brighter Day;
 And cloath them with a finer, lasting Clay.

While this impatient we expect from you,
 Hear, THORNHILL, what the Sister-Muse can do:
 The Sister-Muse, plac'd high in Air serene,
 Of *Wonders* sings, and HAMPSTEAD is the Scene.

What tho' no fabl'd Deities are found
 To raise the Song, and consecrate the Ground;
 No *Nymphs* transform'd, as they in Water stray,
 Still in the Stream the slippery Sex betray;
 No *Dryades* in Trees inclos'd now shoot,
 Coy barren Virgins once, in lovely Fruit:
 Yet if the conscious *Priest* may Credit gain,
 (And who believes the Man of God can feign?)
 Here a new Tale of *Miracles* is told,
 Which proves that *Modern ROME* transcends the *Old*.



A BEAUTY liv'd, (*Fame* says there was but One)
 Who was at once a *Virgin*, *Saint*, and *Nun*;
 Her Forehead shone with a Celestial Grace,
 And Love and Meekness dwelt upon her Face;
 Her sparkling Eyes a liquid Fire display'd
 That shot a trembling Glory while She pray'd:
 Where-e'er She mov'd, the gath'ring Crowd amaz'd
 Flew to her Presence, and with Transport gaz'd.
 The Sons of Mirth (tho' *Toasting* was unknown)
 Drank to her Health, and pin'd away their own;
 The *Laymen* sighing own'd their am'rous Pain,
 And the *Priest* ogld at the *Mass* in vain:
 No dark *Confessions* in the secret Place,
 Nor *holy Visits* turn'd her Soul from Grace;
 Constant to Heav'n, it's Dictates She obey'd,
 And scorn'd the Captives that her Beauty made.

But ah! nor Charms, nor Piety can please
 The Tyrant, *Pain*, nor sooth the Feind, *Disease*.
 Go worship Heav'n, lift up the spotless Hand,
 Kneel on the Ground, or at the Altar stand;
 Yet while you worship, Fate her Prey shall crave,
 And drag Thee from the Altar to the Grave.

So far'd the beauteous *Saint*; for while she pray'd,
 The living Lustre of her Eyes decay'd,

On her cold Cheek the Dew of Sickneſs hung,
 And Heav'n half-nam'd dy'd faltring on her Tongue.
 The *Prieſt* amaz'd cut ſhort th' unfiniſh'd Pray'r,
 Leading his Flock to help the ſinking Fair;
Such are the Pow'rs of Beauty in Deſpair!
 The Leech's Art is try'd, but try'd in vain,
 No Skill can mitigate the ſtubborn Pain.
 Obſtructions ſeize thoſe noble Parts, that guide
 The juſt Secretions of the limpid Tide:
 Whether the *Nerves* forgot their wonted Play,
 Or *Sand* or *Mucus* choak'd the wat'ry Way,
 It may concern the learned Tribe to ſhow;
 We wave the Cauſe, and only ſpeak the Woe:
 Few know the Secrets of that World below!
 Some try the Force of pungent *Juices*, ſome
 The Diuretic *Salt*, and healing *Gum*;
 Nor *Gum*, nor *Salt*, nor *Juice* Relief procur'd;
 For *Saints* alone by *Miracles* are cur'd.

Thus She; for, by a holy Viſion taught,
 The fainting Nymph to *Hampſtead* Hill is brought,
 For ſo a *Voice* had ſaid——To *Hampſtead* Go,
The Springs ſhall open, and the Waters flow.
 Behold her kneeling on the hilly Height!
 See Crowds of Pilgrims gazing at the Sight!

When

When now, as from a leaden Conduit bor'd,
 The silver Torrent thro' the Channels roar'd;
 The *Saint* springs up with sudden Strength supply'd,
 And thus She consecrates the healing Tide.

‘ When these blest Particles are lost in Earth,
 ‘ Their Pow’rs shall give a wond’rous Fountain Birth:
 ‘ As here the porous Substance was unseal’d,
 ‘ The Fluid active, and the Vessels heal’d;
 ‘ So shall this Spring those noble Virtues share,
 ‘ And give new Life to the decaying Fair.
 ‘ * *PICA*, sad Foe to Beauty, that invades
 ‘ The blooming Lustre of *maturing Maids*,
 ‘ That turns the Rosy Blushes of Fifteen
 ‘ To livid Paleness, or autumnal Green;
 ‘ While safe the Youth the blunted Eye-darts view,
 ‘ Girt with the Circle of *forbidding Blue*:
 ‘ *PICA* by this shall fly, fresh Beauties rise,
 ‘ New-arm the Forehead, and repoint the Eyes.
 ‘ † Then safe the *Snail* shall on the Herbage roam,
 ‘ Return, and find unrobb’d his shelly Dome:
 ‘ No more the surly *Smoaker* shall complain,
 ‘ Of *Tubes* reserv’d for future Use in vain.
 ‘ Thou too, *Proud Coal*, uncoveted shalt rise,
 ‘ Nor shall thy fascil Blackness tempt our Eyes:

C

‘ The

* *The Green Sickness.* † *Such Trash as young Ladies usually eat in this Distemper.*

‘ The *knitting Berry*, and the *hard’ning Rind*,
 ‘ Shall yield to Pleasures of a nobler Kind.

She spoke---The conscious Priest her Words enroll’d,
 And left for future Poets to be told.

Hence came, in pious Days, the Pilgrim Train,
 To pay their Vows, and mitigate their Pain:

But ah! few Footsteps now of *Saints* are seen,
 Prone on the *Well*, or pressing on the *Green*.

So sure from Age to Age we fall from Grace!

And HAMPS TEAD long has wore another Face.

Thus, THORNHILL, unambitious of the Bays,
 Lowly I sing in legendary Lays;

Pleas’d with my self, if not displeasing You,

’Till Fortune shall our social Nights renew.

Then nobler Themes, and Subjects more sublime,

Shall raise our Spirits, and improve our Time;

While Fancy sketches out in *Tragic Scenes*,

Despairing Tyrants, or *Forsaken Queens*:

And mutual Judgment teaches us to know,

Where *Rage* should threaten, and where *Pity* flow.

Happy, if * He our freer Hours engage,

Who trembl’d not at HOMER’S sacred Page;

Unfinish’d Work! so gen’rous CRAIGS requires,

Damping with Business the Poetick Fires:

While

* Mr. Tickell

While unrestor'd by his transplanting Skill,
 ULYSSES mourns himself an Exile still.
 Nor want we *Him, who with the Soul of GREECE,
 Gave us the last ÆGYPTIAN finish'd *Piece*.

Such be our Friends, clear Souls, without Disguise,
 Not over Gay, nor too severely Wise;
 So shall our Time with easy Tenor run,
 Begun at *Nine*, and pleasant end at *One*.

* *Mr. Young.*

F I N I S.



While untroubled by dissolving Skill,
Ulysses moves himself in Earth's dim
Not want we him, who with the Soul of Greece
Gave us the last & every finished Piece.

Such be our Friends, clear Souls, without Diligence,
Not over Gay, nor too severely Wise;
So shall our Lines with Freedom run,
Begin at Wits, and end at One.



Ms. Young.

F I N I S





